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Fire Insurance Company  
of PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital, \$200,000

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We Are Now Receiving Two  
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PORTLAND CEMENT

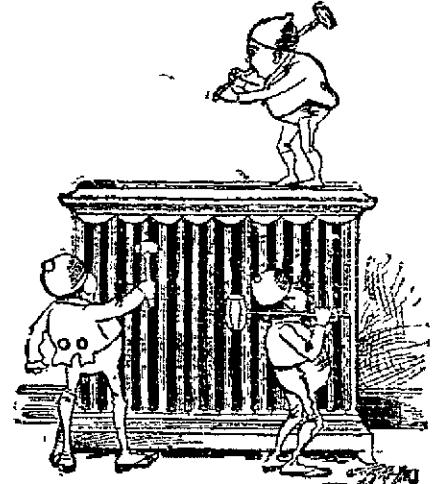
AND THE

HOFFMAN CEMENT

The only lot of fresh cement in the city

We have the largest stock  
and constant shipments en-  
sure the newest cements.

J. A. & A. W. WALKER  
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That Hammering Noise

In your radiator remedied,  
and all other defects or  
repairs attended to by....

G. B. CHADWICK & CO.,  
Machinists,  
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STANDARD BRAND.

Newark cement

400 Barrels of the above Cement Ju-  
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HIS COMPANY'S CEMENT

Has been on the market for the past five  
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Principal Government and Other  
Public Works,

And has received the commendation of Eng-  
lish Architects and Contractors generally  
Persons wanting cement should not be  
deceived. Obtain the best.

FOR SALE BY

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RANGES

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KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS

Everything to be found in a  
First Class Kitchen Furnishing  
Store, such as, Tinware (both grades), Enamelled  
Ware (both grades), Nickel Ware, Wooden Ware, Cutlery, Lamps, Oil Heaters, Carpet Sweepers, Washing  
Machines, Wings, Cake Closets, Lunch Boxes, etc.

Many useful articles will be  
found on the 5c and  
10c counters.

Please consider that in this line  
will be found some of the

Most Useful and Acceptable Holiday Gifts

Theories are a good deal like good ad-  
vice—easy.—Atchison Globe.

CAUGHT THE ROBBER

THE OFFICIALS HUNTED FOR HIM IN  
BRASS BAND FASHION.

One Instance In Which This Style of  
Detective Work Succeeded Admirably—How the Culprit Was Forced  
into a Confession.

How do detectives detect? It all depends. There is no rule. That which solves one mystery today will make another more impenetrable tomorrow. According to one of the most noted detectives of this country, the rule of common sense is the best to follow.

Take a case narrated by this detective. He was called up on a long distance telephone, which in itself is not in accordance with the general idea of telling a detective of a crime. The message said that a farmer had been robbed of \$8,000 in gold and asked that an operative be sent to the town near the farm. The message was received at night. The following morning a man from the agency went to the office from which the message was sent and announced his business just as a commercial traveler would announce his. Nothing in his appearance indicated that he was a man of mystery. The man who sent the message said to him: "A farmer," mentioning his name and describing the way to the farmer's house, "had \$8,000 in gold. He kept it in a box under his bed. One day while he was at work on his farm the money was stolen. That's all there is to the case."

The detective hired a horse and rode to the farm. He saw the farmer, but the farmer could tell him no more than the man in town who sent the message to the city. The detective remained in the neighborhood several days, visiting other farmers. To each of them he said: "I am a detective. I am looking for the man who stole your neighbor's money." Not one of the farmers had a suspicion of the identity of the thief. The detective learned the standing of each farmer upon whom he called. Then he returned to the home office.

About a week later another man went to the same neighborhood and told his business. He was a detective from the same agency and on the same business as the first. He went to each farmer and told his business. Then he went away. The farmers talked about his visit to one another.

At the end of the third week another detective went into the community. Although he was disguised as a lightning rod peddler, he told each farmer he saw, confidently, that he was a detective looking for the man who had stolen \$8,000 in gold. His reputation preceded him. Wherever he went farmers said, "You may be a lightning rod peddler all right, but you are a detective." And invariably he replied, "I am a detective," and all the farmers in the community talked among themselves about the lightning rod peddler detective who was in the country. This detective suddenly disappeared.

Four weeks later another visitor came into the community. He had no business except that which he proclaimed as he traveled. He met men in the road and said, after passing the time of day: "I am a detective. I am here trying to find out who stole Farmer —'s \$8,000 in gold." The news traveled. It was a new way of hunting a criminal. There was no mysterious man in disguise, but "a real, everyday man in the neighborhood who said he was detective." "Have you seen the detective?" was as common a question as the salutation of the day.

To make his work all the more open this detective said to the farmer who lost the money: "You will soon have all your gold back. There won't be a dollar of it missing. The man who stole it lives in the neighborhood. He will confess the theft."

"Won't he run away before he will give it up?" asked the farmer.

The detective replied: "No. The man who runs away will thereby say to this community that he is the thief. No one in this community will dare move away."

In the words of the chief who tells the story, "Every man in the community at once felt that somehow or other he was being watched. The tension became painful, in spite of the fact that only one man in the community was guilty."

Thirty-three days after the robbery a farmer went to town and asked that a detective be sent for. When the detective came, which was the next day, the farmer said to him: "Come with me and I will show you where the \$8,000 is buried. I am the thief." The two men went to the woods. The snowy path led deep into the spot where the treasure was buried. After clearing away the drift the detective dug down and found an old coffer containing the gold. He took it to the farmer who had lost his gold, and the farmer identified it. The detective took his prisoner back to the city, and in less than a week the man was in state prison.

"It was a common sense rule," said the head of the agency. "Each one of the men I sent up to the community learned that there was only one man in the community who was in the habit of drinking. He had been for years addicted to periodical drunks. All of the sudden this man stopped drinking. My men tried to get him to taste liquor, but he refused. This was our only suspicion that he might be guilty. Then I concerned the plan of having it bruited every day that there was a detective in the community. From the time I got the confession there was hardly a day in which that community was not stirred up by the news that one of my detectives was in the settlement looking for the thief, and I always instructed my men to assert that the guilty man lived in the community.

"Thus the talk became the topic of the day, on the roads, in the farmhouse, on the farms. Not for an instant did I allow anybody to forget it. After the arrest of the farmer I asked him what made him confess. He said he never could hear any other subject discussed. Every time he met one of his neighbors that neighbor would ask him if he had seen the detective. He thought once of going away, but just then he heard what my man had said, that the guilty one would try to go, and that fact deterred him. It made him afraid. Every stranger he met in the road was a detective. Every knock at his door was that of a detective. He could stand it no longer. The burden was greater than he could bear, and he confessed. Rather paradoxical, was it not, that his reformation as to drinking should have made suspicion against him all the stronger? The motive explained that."—Washington Star.

Borrowing Trouble.

"I have heard a good deal about people who borrow trouble, but I think my wife is a champion in that line."

"Why, I thought she was always cheer-  
ful and contented with her lot?"

"She was until our baby was born six  
weeks ago. Now she is worrying because  
she may marry some girl that we shan't  
like."

DISTINCTION.

Mrs. Cobwiggler—So they are not in  
your set?

Mrs. Prouty—No, indeed. They go to  
a gymnasium, while we attend a physical  
culture class.—Judge.

FROM THE QUIET.

Now the roads, hushed with dark  
Lead the homeward way,  
I will rest; I will hark  
What the weeds can say,  
Wondering in the afterglow,  
Heart's ease of the day.

I have seen joy take leave  
In a bitter guise;  
Grief has made me smile for me  
With a smile that's true;  
Still I know what new gift  
Life may make me wait?

Be it favors of the dusk  
Sooth me care in me  
Or the trees that bid me wait  
What the hills foresees,  
There the birds hide in peace  
Heart's ease of the day.

On the other way of the dusk  
Night has taught to say  
Shall I reason deeper,  
Molded from the clay?  
Rather will I trust the dark,  
Heart's ease of the day.

—Josephine Preston Peabody in Atlantic.

CRADLED BY AN ICEBERG.

A Thrilling Incident of a Cruise In  
Northern Waters.

A thrilling story of a vessel's encounter  
with an iceberg is told by Captain Ches-  
ter of the schooner Elwood. While the  
schooner was on a fishing cruise in the  
northern waters Captain Chester sighted on a  
reef known to exist just off Hoornia. "It's a  
lucky find," thought the captain as he  
headed the Elwood for the berg that he  
might fill the hold with ice to preserve  
the fish he expected to catch.

When the schooner was within a few  
yards of the berg, the anchor was dropped.  
The vessel swayed around until she  
came alongside the berg, to which she  
was made fast with lines. The tide was  
at full, a gangplank was thrown over to  
a ledge on the ice, and the men began  
breaking off chunks of ice and hoisting  
them aboard. All went well until even-  
ing, when 30 tons of ice had been stowed  
in the hold.

Meanwhile the falling tide had caused  
the berg to settle upon the reef and to tip  
toward the side opposite the vessel. The  
gangplank rose in the air and had to be  
kept fast to a ledge near the water to  
keep it horizontal.

Captain Chester, suspecting that all  
was not going to be well, ordered the  
crew to make sail. Before they could  
man the jibards the iceberg, with a  
grinding roar, rolled off the reef and  
started to turn over.

A jagged spur of ice which had formed  
the bottom of the berg rose on the star-  
board side of the vessel and beneath it.

The ice struck the keel, and the vessel

lifted out of the water, resting in an ice-  
cradle. Chester ordered his men to get  
into the boats and out of harm's way.

Cutting the lines that held the schooner  
to the berg, the men pulled to a safe dis-  
tance and waited.

The anchor held fast, and the schooner  
tugged at the chain. The tide dropped a few  
more inches, the iceberg careened still  
farther, and the Elwood rose higher. This proved the schooner's salvation.

The tendency of the iceberg to roll over  
and raise the vessel brought such an  
enormous strain upon the anchor chain  
that something had to give way. Someth-  
ing did, and to the joy of the fishermen  
it was not the anchor or the chain.

The iceberg lurched, and the schooner

was seen to slide several feet along the  
crevice in which it rested. There was  
another lurch and another slide. Then  
the vessel reached a downward grade  
and the next instant shot off the iceberg  
end into the sea bows on like a rocket.

She shipped a heavy sea as the result

of plunging her nose beneath the surface,  
but quickly righted and after stumbling  
over her anchor chain and tugging vi-  
ciously to get away settled down to her  
original state of tranquillity, to all appear-  
ances unharmed.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Her's Delusion.

Ephraim Knox lived in the center of  
his native village, and his heirs wandered  
here and there at their own sweet will,  
to the frequent annoyance of his neighbors.

Ephraim, however, was no respecter of persons

and considered his heirs as "good as anybody" and desirable

visitors.

When it was decided that the town

library should be built in a vacant lot

"next door to him," Ephraim was filled

with pride and joy, and he and his heirs

superintended operations from the first.

Ephraim's brother Seth was not devot-  
ed to heirs. One day he was passing the

site of the library with a friend and stop-  
ped to view the progress of affairs.

Ephraim's heirs were there, cackling

away as if their lives depended on it.

Seth looked at them in disgust.

What in the world are those heirs

making such a noise for, do you suppose?

There ain't any grain in there," said the

friend.

"Well," remarked Seth dryly, "they've

had the oversight of 'most everything in

town. You know the cornerstone of the

building was laid yesterday, and I cal-  
led that speckled hen over there thinks

she laid it!"—Youth's Companion.

The Nearest Way.

The crooked streets of Boston are a  
source of wonder to many visitors. A  
Boston paper tells of a western man who

was a guest at the Parker House and

went out for a walk.

A gambling house is never open on Sun-  
day. Saturday night may be extended to

Sunday, but that doesn't count.

It's Saturday to the gambler. On Sunday

there may be some short card play

but no gambling.

Who is self respecting will deal bank or

turn the wheel on Sunday. That's an-

other of those customs handed down

from ancient days, but still a law unto

the gambler.

—Gambling Houses.

There is a legend among gamblers that

ever since gambling houses have been

known the hour for beginning play has

been 10 a. m.

The gambler, unconventional

or of long established gambling customs. In

no branch of business has there been so

little change or so few innovations.

Any gambler will tell you there is rarely a

morning play of any account, yet they all

open at 10 a. m.

The hour of closing depends upon the

players.

A Gambling House.

## THE HERALD.

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## FOR PORTSMOUTH

AND

## PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.

You want local news? Read the Herald. More local news than all other local papers combined. Try it!

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1891.

Mr. Towne has exceeded all expectations in the senate. He has not said a word.

Here is hoping that Mr. and Mrs. Vandebilt will not get into debt by buying brick a-brac.

The electric railroad issue will prove a lively little matter before the legislature adjourns.

If the Rev. Mr. Dowie sees anything that he thinks is being run just about right in the universe, he will please mention it.

The representatives from Rockingham county should stand solid for the electric railroad charters which are for the interest of this section of the state.

If President McKinley goes back on the soldier of the Civil war in the contest for chief of the bureau of construction and repair he will disappoint the American people.

The Spanish minister of marine doesn't know a good thing when he sees it and is going to resign his office. To be at the head of a department with nothing but the head and without ships is a snap.

Senator Chandler will continue to be the most prominent statesman that the old Granite state has ever known even after he retires from office on March 4th. He will be alive and his influence will be felt in many directions.

Col. Bryan's new paper, the Comon, will make its appearance one week from today and the colonel is having a rush of subscriptions. The new paper will have no advertisements and Mr. Bryan will have nothing in the sheet to attract attention from the products of his own pen and the pen of Mrs. Bryan who will also be a contributor.

Governor Jordan does not intend that the state shall be disgraced by being a resort for prize fighters, after they have been denied the privilege of breaking the laws of other states. It took but a short time and only one word to answer the request to have the Jeffries-Ruhlin contest pulled off here. That "no" meant what it expressed and there were no unnecessary excuses with it.

The New York Mail and Express candidly and intelligently says that there are two general standards that ought to be applied to a river and harbor bill. As a man's expenditures are regulated by the size of his pocketbook rather than by the size of his family, so Mr. Carroll D. Wright justly observes should those of a nation be; the aggregate wealth of the country is fifteen times what it was half a century ago. Furthermore, no business man hesitates to make a large expenditure if it involves a commensurate return. The effect of the deepening of our rivers and harbors is to facilitate the operations of commerce, increase its volume, cheapen its wares, give a more advantageous outlet to agricultural, manufacturing and mining products, and enhance the national revenues. Money put into such improvements, if they are well advised, is not sunk; it is invested.

## BLOWN TO ATOMS.

The old idea that the body sometimes needs a powerful, drastic, purgative pill has been exploded; for Dr. King's New Life Pill, which are perfectly harmless, gently stimulate liver and bowels to expel poisonous matter, cleanse the system and absolutely cure Constipation and Nervous Headache. Only \$2 at Globe Grocery Co.

## A DREAM.

I stood where gifts were showered on men from heaven.  
And when had honors and the joy thereof,  
And some received, with solemn, radiant faces  
The gift of love.  
The green I saw of bay leaves and of laurel,  
A voice spoke to me, standing empty handed.  
"For thee—a dream."  
For fear to rise, ye who richly laden  
From the place of heaven's bounty went;  
Who marvel that I smile, my hands still empty;  
I am content.  
Ye cannot guess how dowered beyond the measure  
Of your receiving to myself I seem.  
Lonely and cold, I yet pass on unparaphred;  
I have my dream.

—Anne Reeve Aldrich.

## A GREWSOME STORY.

Why a Trader Held a Deadly Grudge Against All Chinamen.

Mokil is one of the islands of the Caroline group of the western Pacific. The following grawsome story of an American who once lived on the island is vouches for by a writer in The Pall Mall Gazette:

One day in November, 1860, a small Sydney trading schooner called off Mokil. The one white trader living on the island came off in his whaleboat. He was an American of about 50 years, bronze faced, stout and muscular and quiet and unassuming. He had just agreed to supply the captain with some pigs, turtles and poultry in return for some European provisions when the Chinese cook and steward came into the cabin. The trader looked at the man curiously for a moment.

"Is he a Cantonese?" he asked the skipper.

"Ay! He comes from the Kwangtung province, I believe."

"Thought so by the run of his eye. Been with you long, sir?"

"No, I only shipped him in Sydney this trip," replied the master.

Presently the American rose. "Well, I guess I'll get along ashore, captain. Perhaps it would be just as well if you let your steward come with me and pick out the pigs you want. Trust a Chinaman to tell a good pig."

The captain assented to the proposition, and in a few minutes the trader, accompanied by the steward, left the ship and went on shore.

An hour afterward the boat returned, bringing the pigs, turtles and poultry, but without the Chinese steward.

"Where's my steward?" asked the captain.

"He's dead," replied the trader calmly. "I shot him the moment I got him inside my house. Now, don't get mad, captain. Here's a man I've brought aboard who'll make just as good a steward as the Chow."

"Why did you murder the man?" gasped the astonished seaman.

"I didn't murder him. I shot him as mean to shoot every Chinaman I come across in the south seas. I can do it down here." Then he told his story:

"When I was a lad of 14, I sailed with my father in a big lump of a brig called the Luba. We were in the China-Valparaiso trade. Left Hongkong one time under charter to take 36 coolies to Tahiti. My mother, two younger brothers, and my sister were aboard—had been sailing in the Luba for nigh on four years. Mate was my uncle. Regular family ship. We carried nine hands. I lived for'ard. One night, when we were two days out, the Chows made a sudden rush. I was aloft with a Swede staying the topgallant sail. They first killed every man of the watch on deck; then were lying about and slaughtered every living soul, for'ard and aft. In half an hour it was all over, and they lowered the two boats and cleared out. The Swede and I came on deck, and this is what we saw: My father, mother and sister's body (she was 17 or more) was disembowled and thrown across the fore rail. And every other body was hacked and slashed about, chunks of flesh lying around everywhere. "They had set the brig on fire before they left. The Swedes and I put it out. We were picked up by a French bark the same day."

"That's why I always shoot one of the Chinamen when I get the chance."

The Curfew Bell in England.

That picturesque relic of Norman England, ringing the curfew bell, still survives in more than 30 towns and cities throughout the country. At some of these the bell is rung at certain stated periods only. Thus, at Pertshore, in Worcestershire, the curfew is only heard between Nov. 5 and Candlemas, and at Breckley church from Michaelmas to Lady day only, while its original significance is, of course, entirely a thing of the past.

The knell of parting day" is—or was until recently—still tolled from Canterbury cathedral and from the Church of St. Nicholas, Bristol, every evening. By a code of instruction dated 1481 the suffragan of the Bristol diocese was directed "to ring curfew with one bell at IX of the clock."—London Chronicle.

Advantages of Submarine Boats.

There will be no seasickness, because in a submerged boat there is absolutely no perceptible motion. There will be no smells to create nausea, for the boats will be propelled by electric power, taken from storage batteries, which will be charged at either end. The offensive odor that causes so much discomfort in surface boats is due to the heated oil on the bearings and to the escaping steam.

There will be no steam on these submerged channel boats, and the little machinery necessary to drive them will be confined within an airtight chamber. There will be no collisions, because the boats coming and the boats going will travel at different depths.—John P. Holland in North American Review.

Taking Stock.

Edward—"That sign, 'Closed, Taking Stock,' has been in that window more than a week."

Ned—"Oh, that's all right. The shop is closed; the sheriff is taking the stock."

Break Away.

"Can I get a word with Mr. Jibber?"

"Yes, you can get a word easy enough, but you'd better arrange for something to call you when you want to get away."—Chicago Record.

There are more than 12,000 streams in Porto Rico. Not more than half a dozen are worthy of the name of river. The rest, which are so numerous, are only mountain brooks or rivulets at most, which are almost wholly dry except when the rain falls.

The number of persons employed in English collieries is over 350,000.

## DINING OUT IN CHINA.

### A FOREIGNER'S ENTERTAINMENT AT A CHINESE RESTAURANT.

The Repast an Indiscriminate Mixture of Sweet, Sour and Salt Dishes, Hot Wine, Tobacco and Opium, With a Game Thrown In.

During the quarter of an hour before dinner the guests (only male, of course) sit or stroll about eating cakes—a favorite being a sort of hot fruit puff (which each orders for himself)—and sipping tea. Melon seeds and salted almonds are also in demand for desultory nibbling.

When our number is complete, a tremendous encounter of good manners ensues. Though the question of precedence is of course all cut and dried beforehand, each man must be polite enough to stimulate an irreconcileable resolve not to accept any but the lowest place until the host's "Friend, go up higher," promotes him.

The table, as mentioned, is really laid with an imposing show; a regulation number of regulation dishes, marshalled in regulation order; quaint porcelain stands filled with slices of oranges, pears or cold goose; towers of purple quince jelly squares, grapes or shredded chick in breast; saucers of shrimps salted in their skins, and, never forgotten, the famous preserved for years in lime and served, sliced, in beds of brown jelly much prized for their acid and rather ammoniacal flavor, but not usually appreciated by foreigners. Hot wine of various brands and vintages is served throughout. That most commonly drunk is a kind of sack or cherry negus, a yellow wine distilled from Indian corn. Being comparatively mild, it is served in small cups; ardent white spirits of rice, much prized for their acrid and rather ammoniacal flavor, but not usually appreciated by foreigners.

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## CAREERS FORETOLD.

SOME REMARKABLE PREDICTIONS THAT WERE FULFILLED.

**MEN WHO ACHIEVED FAME JUST AS IT WAS PREDICTED THEY WOULD—BUT WE MUST NOT FORGET THAT MANY ARE CALLED, BUT FEW ARE CHSEN.**

For one prediction that comes true many hundreds fail, of which we never hear. Many a fond mother predicts a professorship or judgeship or bishopric for a favorite son, who nevertheless sinks through the world among the crowd of unknown people. For all that sundry remarkable predictions have at various times been uttered which have come true, and yet nothing miraculous has been attributed to them.

Stella said of Caesar, when he pardoned him at the earnest entreaty of his friends: "You wish my pardon? I consent; but know that this young man whose life you so eagerly plead for will prove the most deadly enemy of the party which you and I have defended. There is in Caesar more than a Marius." The prediction was realized.

Thomas Aquinas was so unusually simple and reserved in conversation that his fellow students regarded him as a very mediocre person and jocularly called him "the dumb ox of Sicily." His master, Albert, not knowing himself what to think, took occasion one day, before a large assembly, to interrogate him on several very profound questions, to which the disciple replied with so penetrating a sagacity that Albert turned toward the youths who surrounded his chair, and said, "You call brother Thomas a dumb ox, but be assured that one day the noise of his doctrines will be heard all over the world."

Sully's father predicted of him, when only 12 years old, that he would one day be great by reason of his courage and his virtues. Had not the prophecy come true we had never heard of it. But Sully was early put in the way of promotion, and on the road the rest is comparatively easy.

Cardinal Morton, archbishop of Canterbury, early predicted the future of Sir Thomas More. Pointing to the boy one day, he said to those about him, "That youth will one day be the ornament of England."

Cardinal Wolsey, though a butcher's son, had an early presentiment of his future eminence. He used to say that if he could but once set foot at court he would soon introduce himself there. And scarcely had he obtained admission at court, the possessor of a humble benefice, than he did not hesitate to say that "henceforth there was no favor to which he dared not aspire."

At 18, Gondi, afterward Cardinal de Retz, composed certain reminiscences of early studies, on reading which Richelieu exclaimed, "Here's a dangerous fellow!"

Milton in his early writings foreshadowed his great poem, then not matured in his mind. He declared his intention many years before he commenced his task of writing some great poem for posterity, "which the world would not willingly let die."

Mazarin early predicted the brilliant career of Louis XIV. He said of him, "He has in his staff for four kings."

At another time, "He may take the road a little later than others, but he will go much farther."

One day a mason named Barbo said to Mme. de Maintenon, who was at that time the wife of Scarron, "After much trouble you will some day be the summit of favor, but although at the summit of favor, it will be to your benefit to you."

He added some remarkable details, which appeared to cause her some emotion. Her friends rallied her about the prediction, when the conjurer said to them with the air of a man confident of the truth of what he said, "You will be glad to kiss the hem of her garment then, instead of amusing yourself at her expense."

On the other hand, Louis XIV one day observed to Rocheoucauld and the Due de Crequi: "Astrology is altogether false. I had my horoscope drawn in Italy, and they told me that after having lived a long time I would fall in love with an old woman, and love her to the end of my days. Is there the least likelihood of that?"

And, so saying, he burst out laughing. But this did not nevertheless hinder him from marrying Mme. de Maintenon when she was 60 years old. So that both the prediction of the mason and that of the Italien conjurer came true at last.

When Voltaire was engaged in the study of classical learning, the Father Lejay was once very much irritated by the insolence of his repartees and taking him by the collar shook him roughly, saying, "Wretched youth! You will some day be the standard of despotism in France." Father Paul, Voltaire's confessor, did not less correctly divine the future career of his young penitent when he said of him, "This boy is destined for a thirst for celebrity."

Storno has told an anecdote of what happened to him at Halifax. The schoolmaster had got the ceiling newly whitewashed, and the mischievous boy, mounting the steps almost before the job was completed, daubed with a brush on the ceiling the words in capital letters, "Iam Sterne." For this the usher cruelly beat him, at hearing of which the master expressed his displeasure and said, before Sterne, that he would not have the name effaced, seeing that Sterne was a boy of genius and certain to make a reputation in the world.

Let us conclude by adopting the thought of Goethe: "Our desires are the presentiments of the faculties which lie within us—the precursors of those things which we are capable of performing. That which we would be and that which we desire present themselves to our imagination, about us and in the future; we prove our aspiration to an object which we already secretly possess. It is thus that an intense anticipation transforms a real possibility into an imaginary reality. When such a tendency is decided in us, at each stage of our development a portion of our primitive desire accomplishes itself, under favorable circumstances, by direct means and in unfavorable circumstances by some more circuitous route, from which, however, we never fail to reach the straight road again."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

## U. S. NAVY FERRY LAUNCH NO. 132.

## GOVERNMENT BOAT.

## FOR GOVERNMENT BUSINESS.

Leaves Navy Yard—8:20, 8:40, 9:15, 10:00, 10:30, 11:45 a.m., 1:30, 2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 5:45, 7:45 p.m.; Sundays, 10:00, 10:15 a.m., 12:15, 12:30 p.m., Holidays, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a.m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8:30, 8:50, 9:20, 10:15, 11:00 a.m., 12:15, 1:45, 2:15, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:00, \*10:00 p.m.; Sundays, 10:07, 11:15 a.m., 12:25, 12:45 p.m., Holidays, 10:00, 11:00 a.m., 12:00 m.

\*Wednesday and Saturday.

The value of the cattle in western America is estimated at \$8,000,000,000, or five times that of all the cattle in Australia.

The way of the transgressor is hard in modern times. The persons who commit crimes are daily coming to grief. Escape is less frequent than in former years.

The price of medicine in Prussia are regulated by the government. Every year a new price list is published.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY KILLING.

**The Story of an Arizona Sheriff and a Very Desperado.**

"One of the nerviest shootings that ever came off in the west occurred some years ago in Arizona," said a Denver man at the Hotel Victoria. "I think it was at Tombstone that it happened, but that I am not certain. It seemed that a certain road agent and all around desperate character had turned up in the town. Of course he was traveling secretly, incog, but he was recognized, and the news of his arrival soon reached the ears of the sheriff, who straightway started out to find him. The bad men of the west travel with their lives in their hands and know it. They are always prepared for the possibility of capture or an attempt which may be made to do so, and they try to take every precaution to render such action abortive. Then, too, as a rule these men prefer death to capture. In most cases capture means that they will ultimately dance the jig of death at the end of the hempen thread after having been duly tried and sentenced. But even when they have nothing worse to face than a term of years in the pen they will put up as stoutish a resistance as if they were wanted for murder, for their love of freedom causes them to prefer death in a fight to being imprisoned for a term of years. The desperado I am telling you of, however, had committed every crime known to the criminal calendar, and there were a dozen rewards offered for him, dead or alive.

"Capture with him meant certain ignominious death, and it was a surety that he would fight to the bitter end and sell his life as dearly as possible. The sheriff knew this, but, himself a desperately courageous man, nevertheless resolved on his capture. But he was as careful as possible about it and placed his man by secretly guarded inquiries in order that the quarry might not take flight and escape him. Finally the sheriff found out that the road agent was in a gambling joint and went there after him. The robber in the meantime had sized the room up carefully, and while not expecting trouble he took what precautions he could to avoid it should it arise.

"The sheriff's most intimate friend, a man named Driscoll, was playing faro, and the desperado took the seat beside him, which faced the door. Suddenly that door was flung open with a crash, and the sheriff, a revolver in either hand, appeared in the portal. Men dived for places of safety, tables and chairs were upset, and in the confusion the road agent jumped on Driscoll's back and swung him between him and the sheriff. The robber was the stronger man, but Driscoll put up a good fight, and while he could not shake him off or turn him toward the sheriff he nevertheless could prevent him from drawing his gun, which the road agent was desperately trying to do.

Around and around they swung, the sheriff excitedly dancing around the men, afraid to shoot on account of the fear of injuring his friend.

"For the land's sake, Danny, hold still," he cried, "till I get shot at the devil!"

"How can I?" gasped Driscoll. "The palpech's stronger than I am."

"For a few seconds longer the struggle went on, and then Driscoll spread his legs apart in an effort to acquire sufficient purchase with his feet to hold the road agent still. The sheriff saw his chance and without a second's delay drove his bullet fashion through Driscoll's legs. Turning then, he shot upward, and with the ring of the shot the road agent's soul took flight. A more extraordinary killing never took place in the west."—*New York Tribune*.

The Helpless Woman.

There was once a woman who had never learned how to swim, although she went in bathing every day in the summer. She had a friend who had acquired this art with some trouble and was very fond of her proficiency in it.

"It is absurd," said this friend, "to live near the water and not swim. It makes you very attractive to good swimmers if you can go out with them, and they do not feel bad that you are a drag on their pleasures. What would you do in case you fell off the pier? Now, watch me!"

With these words she dove off into the water and swam about by herself.

"It is a good thing to have a woman swim so well," said one of the men near.

"Now, if any of the children fall into the water she can rescue them."

Just then the woman who could not help herself uttered a scream and fell into the sea. Instantly five men leaped into the rescue her and spent the rest of the day resuscitating her and inquiring how she was. Leaving the swimmer to dive by herself.

This teaches us that nothing succeeds like distress.—*Century*.

One Was Ready.

A gentleman met a young woman who had formerly been a servant in his house and being interested in her welfare said to her, "Why, haven't you got married yet?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I thought you would have been married before now?"

"Oh, no, sir," she said. "There's two waitin'."

"Two!" he exclaimed. "Why, you don't intend to marry two, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Then who are they?" he inquired.

"Why," she replied naïvely, "the two that's waitin' is the priest an me!"

A Reminder.

Mrs. Starvem—How do you like the chicken salad, Mr. Joaksmith?

Mr. Joaksmith—Oh, that reminds me. I bought a book that was to be sent home today. Did it come?

Mrs. Starvem—Yes, but why should the chicken salad remind you of it?

Mr. Joaksmith—Well, the book is half-eaten.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Letting Her Have Her Choice.

Nell (excitedly)—Here's a telegram from Jack Punter of the varsity team.

Belle—What's it say?

"It says: 'Nose broken. How do you prefer it set—Greek or Roman?'—*Philadelphia Record*.

Political buttons cannot be worn in Canada during the heat of a campaign. This is due to a clause in the Dominion franchise act which says that no person shall exhibit any sign of his political faith after the official nominations are made.

The British empire has an area of 11,000,000 square miles and a population of 400,000,000. The British empire is six times as extensive as that of ancient Rome in its palmiest days.

The way of the transgressor is hard in modern times. The persons who commit crimes are daily coming to grief. Escape is less frequent than in former years.

It doesn't require much philosophy to take things as they come, but it requires a lot of it to part with them as they go.—*Chicago News*.

Great Aim.

"It was the aim of my life," said the big man with a satisfied sigh.

"What's that?"

"Brought down four ducks and a sand crane at one shot"—*Detroit Free Press*.

The prices of medicines in Prussia are regulated by the government. Every year a new price list is published.

## AN ATTRACTIVE COOK.

A Style of Dress That Will Add Charm to Any Dish.

To the Woman's Home Companion Suite Joy White contributes a series of papers, "Cookery for Girls," advising the would-be cook on this and that subject: "Wear big aprons—regular aprons that button in the back and have long sleeves; tall, full, lispshop bosom; wear over my dress, and that may be slipped off when the meal is finished. This apron is usually made of white or some pretty print, light colored, because it looks fresher and is just as easy to launder as a dark one. This cooking apron should be worn for no other purpose. You can see for yourself how much finer it is to come to your work of preparing delicate dishes with an apron which you have not worn while sweeping or doing any other work that would mean getting dust particles in it, even with great care. With the apron is worn a pretty little cap made from muslin or from a pocket handkerchief. This keeps the flying particles of flour from settling in the hair, and it also keeps the hair in place. Then pinned to one side is a small hand towel, and to the other a holder on a long tape.

You know how often the fingers need wiping while you are doing even the simplest bit of cooking. If you have to step to the towel rack every time, you take many unnecessary steps. Then you know what a habit unattached holders have of getting in the way, slipping out of sight just when they are needed. Sometimes you can't stop to hurt them up, and then you make shift with anything and perhaps burn your fingers. Well, if you have the towel and holder fastened to the belt of your apron, you don't have to cross the kitchen to use one, and the other can't get away from you.

"Let me tell you something, girls—this dress is a very becoming one, and you needn't be afraid to let any one see you in the cooking cap and apron. My word for it, any dish you may cook will be polished when you wear this sort of costume in its preparation, for in itself it suggests neatness, daintiness and all the rest that goes to make dishes tempting and appetizing."

## DANGEROUS DISEASES.

The Difference Between Ailments That Are Contagious and Infectious.

The terms contagious and infectious are not synonymous. A disease is contagious when it is transmitted from the sick to the well by personal communication or contact, more or less intimate, and all contagious diseases are infectious—i. e., they are due to the introduction into the body of a susceptible individual of living germs. But all infectious diseases are not contagious. Thus smallpox, scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, influenza, etc., are infectious diseases which are contagious, while malarial fevers, typhoid fever, yellow fever, cholera, pneumonia, peritonitis, etc., are infectious diseases which are not contagious—at least they are only contagious under very exceptional circumstances and those in close communication with the sick as nurses, etc., do not contract these diseases as a result of such close association or contact.

The generalization that all infectious diseases are due to the introduction into the bodies of susceptible individuals of living germs capable of reproduction is based upon exact knowledge, gained chiefly during the past 20 years, as regards the specific infectious agents or germs of a considerable number of the diseases of this class. In some infectious diseases, however, no such positive demonstration has yet been made.

The investigations which have been made justify the statement that each infectious disease is due to a specific—i. e., distinct—micro organism. There are, however, certain infectious diseases which physicians formerly supposed to be distinct, and to which specific names are given which are now known to be due to one and the same infectious agent or germ. Thus puerperal fever and erysipelas are now recognized as being caused by the same germ, the germ which is the usual cause of pneumonia is also the cause of a considerable proportion of the cases of cerebral spinal meningitis, etc.—*Surgeon General George M. Sternberg in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly*.

Moonshine.

A sailor on one of Uncle Sam's warships writes to a newspaper in his native city as follows:

"Whatever scientists say to the contrary, every sea captain knows that moonlight can twist a man's face out of shape if it shines on him while he sleeps. And that it will spoil food, too, much quicker than sunlight. One might as well tell me that a whale does not know when its trail is crossed, even when it is miles away. Whalers all know that, and if they can't explain it they are just as sure of it as they are that there is a rise and fall of tides."

"Moonlight will sour milk, too, a lot quicker than sunlight, and it will spoil fish or pork quicker too. Townfolk don't believe all this, but most farmers know it."

"Every seafaring man has seen how moonlight acts. Down in the south, where I've been a good deal, they say that if the moon shines on a newborn baby it will have green eyes. They say the same thing in France too."

Penalties of Being a Bachelor.

The ancient Romans were severe with their bachelors, who were made to pay heavy fines, and, worse than that, Canarius, after the siege of Veii, is recorded to have compelled them to marry the widows of the soldiers who had fallen in war. In the time of Augustus married men were preferred for public offices. The Romans who had three children were exempted from personal taxes, and the bachelors had to pay them. Plato condemned single men to a fine, and at Sparta they were driven at certain times to the Temple of Hercules by the women, who castigated them in true military style. In the French settlements of Canada women were sent over after the men, and the single men, that they might be forced to marry, were subjected to a heavy tax and to restrictions on their business and their movements generally.—*Exchange*.

A Very Good Reason.

"Why did the boy stand on the burning deck?" asked an Alleghany girl.

"If that's a conundrum,"

Yes It's Stronger

# Eagle

QUAD-STAY.

Sprockets always  
in line.

Road Racer, \$50.  
Track Racer, \$60.

The lightest and easiest running bicycle in the wind. Come and trade in your old wheel.

## PHILBRICK'S BICYCLE STORE,

21 Fleet Street, Portsmouth.



## SPRING DECORATIONS ARE IN ORDER

now, as we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our prices for first-class work are reasonable as our wall papers.

## J. H. Gardiner 10 & 12 Daniel St., Portsmouth

ESTABLISHED IN 1872.

## C. E. BOYNTON, BOTTLERS OF ALL KINDS OF Summer Drinks,

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer  
Tonic, Vanil Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and Soda Water in siphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.

Bottler of Eldredge and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

### ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general, and every endeavor will be made to fill all orders promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

## C. E. Boynton

16 Bow Street, Portsmouth

## Get Estimates

FROM THE  
HERALD ON

## JOB PRINTING.

For neat and attractive printing there is no better place.

You  
May  
Need

## Pain-Killer

For  
Cuts  
Burns  
Bruises

Cramps  
Diarrhea  
All Bowel  
Complaints

It is a sure, safe and quick remedy.

There's ONLY ONE

## Pain-Killer

Perry Davis'.

Two sizes, 2oz and 3oz.

BEST 10c. CIGAR  
In The Market.

S. GRYNMISH, MFG.  
Pure Havana.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child and relieves allay all pain, diarrhea and colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhea twenty five cents a bottle.

Williams Indiana Pure  
Manufactured & sold by  
the Williams Brothers  
and Sons, Boston, Mass.

## THE HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1901

### CITY BRIEFS

New moon next Sunday. Co. B held a drill on Tuesday evening. A long period of quiet in police circles. Runaways are getting to be quite frequent. Rather sloppy walking, Tuesday afternoon and evening. Oil Cloth Floor Carpet at the Globe Grocery Co.'s carpet rooms. The skating has been spoiled and the steaming will soon follow suit. One of the High school teachers lost a valuable gold watch on the streets Monday.

The January term of court does not promise to be fruitful in the trial of jury cases.

Lot of Ladies' French Flannel Waists to be closed out at the Globe Grocery Co. this week.

The High school graduating class have secured The Man From Mexico for their annual benefit.

There is considerable interest in the Delapois-Mapleswood basket ball game at Peirce hall this evening.

Takes the burn out; heals the wound; eases the pain. Dr. Thomas Electric Oil, the household remedy.

A good acting company and a show especially interesting for ladies will be seen at Music hall tonight.

The next encampment of the New Hampshire G. A. R., will be held at Concord, April 3d, and 4th.

When doctors fail try Burdock Blood Bitters. Cures dyspepsia, constipation; invigorates the whole system.

On Thursday, at the Globe Grocery Co., there will be a special sale of 1250 pounds of Lamb at 6 1/2 cents a pound.

The basket ball games will be resumed this evening at Peirce hall and the usual exciting flag races will take place.

Great bay smelters have been reaping a rich harvest for the past few weeks and one man has averaged nearly five dollars a day.

John McLan has been seen all over New England between Lewiston and Boston at about the same time, according to reports.

The Delapoins and Units are to play an exhibition game of basket ball some time the latter part of this month, followed by a dance.

It is lucky that Hanks, the Portland negro murderer does not live in the south. He would have been lynched long ere this if he had.

The little folks love Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Pleasant to take; perfectly harmless; positive cure for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma.

Tickets for Our New Minister, which made such a tremendous success in Boston and New York, go on sale at Music hall on Thursday morning.

Adjutant-General Aylng, General Tolles and Colonels Upham and Tetley recently held a conference in Concord and considered National Guard affairs. "Bob" Fitzsimmons, the greatest fighter the world has ever known, at Music hall tonight. He will be supported by Mrs. Fitzsimmons and child and a strong cast.

A Kittery man with his faithful dog "Tray" was arrested at the ferry landing on Tuesday afternoon for drunkenness. The man slept off his spree with joggie in the same bunk with him.

Scratch, scratch, scratch; unable to attend to business during the day or sleep during the night. Itching piles—horrible plague. Doan's Ointment cures. Never fails. At any drug store, 50 cents.

East Rockingham Pomona grange held a special meeting at Greenland on Tuesday, the occasion being the installation of officers. Prominent speakers were present and the meeting was of unusual interest.

It is reported that the Dartmouth men in Boston are contemplating giving Hon. Henry E. Burnham a dinner in that city in the near future in honor of the fact that another alumnus of

the college has been elected to the national senate.

There is a case of scarlet fever on Granite State avenue.

The Clarity Whist club met in Peirce hall Tuesday afternoon.

There will be but one jury trial at this January term of supreme court.

Lovers of basket ball will see some good sport at Peirce hall this evening.

A meeting of the trustees of the public library was held Tuesday afternoon.

Joiners have finished their work on Captain F. E. H. Marden's new house.

A plan is on foot to build a bicycle path between Saco and Portland.

A meeting of the city council was called for Tuesday evening, but no quorum was present.

Fitzsimmons, the famous fighter, makes his first appearance in this city tonight at Music hall.

The New Hampshire sanitary bulletin for January has been sent out by the state board of health.

The Union Rebekah lodge held their regular meeting on Tuesday evening. A collation was served.

Special theatre cars to York on Saturday evening, at the close of Our New Minister at Music hall.

The New Hampshire legislature will elect Judge Henry E. Burnham a United States senator Thursday.

There is very little change in local retail market figures, the principal variations from last week being a slight drop in the price of fish.

E. L. Dearborn, engineer on the Portsmouth way freight from Concord off duty on account of illness and W. L. Bryant is substituting for him.

The effects of the heavy holiday trade and the weather are still felt on the street and in a number of branches of business very little is being done at present.

Frank A. Whipple, of Goffstown, grand warden of New Hampshire N. E. O. P., left Monday on a week's trip to his city and Boston in the interest of the order.

In the Congregational church at Eliot at two o'clock Tuesday afternoon, were held the funeral services of James W. Hanscom, the pastor reading the services. Interment was in Bolt Hill cemetery.

This is the time of year when the police station is sought after by the men who are looking after work on the ice, but are unable to get it. At this time it is all right, as there is no work and they have no place to stop, so he has to meet them and shake hands with as many as possible before he and the other two members of his family have crowded their way into a shack.

At 4:30 o'clock on Tuesday, the last of the old Manchester depot buildings, which have stood for many years near the Amoskeag bridge, was razed to the ground by employees of the Boston and Maine. The character of the locality has been greatly changed by the removal of the building.

The U. S. Civil Service examinations will be held at several places in each state during March and April to secure young men and women for various government positions. Last year upwards of 8000 such appointments were made without political influence. No fees are charged. Information about the places and dates of examinations can be had free by writing the Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

### SNEEZE AND BLOW.

That is what you must do when you have catarrh in the head. The way to cure this disease is to purify the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine soothes and heals the inflamed surfaces, rebuilds the delicate tissues and permanently cures catarrh by expelling from the blood the scrofulous taints upon which it depends. Be sure to get Hood's.

Biliousness is cured by Hood's Pills 25c.

### AT THE NAVY YARD.

The news in the Herald regarding the Rena Mercedes, was the topic of conversation on Tuesday.

Commandant's Orderly Donnelly is visiting in Philadelphia, and Sergeant Janson is at the commandant's door.

The Bath Iron works have requested permission to dock the torpedo boat Bagley here previous to her trial trip.

Nine men were discharged in the steam engineering department on Monday, most of the number being pattern makers and boilermakers.

Three helpers have been called into the construction and repair department to do clerical work for a few days, by order of the secretary of the navy.

Alvah Frost of Kittery, has been appointed draughtsman by Secretary Long as a result of the recent competitive examination. He is in every way qualified to fill the position and his friends are well pleased over his good fortune.

### FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child and relieves allay all pain, diarrhea and colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhea twenty five cents a bottle.

## FITZSIMMONS IN TOWN.

### The Big Fighter and His Theatrical Company Here.

### Quite a Crowd Was at the Depot When He Arrived.

### He is Having Splendid Success in The Honest Blacksmith.

The world's greatest combination of bones, muscle, flesh and hair, the famous fighter and successful actor, Robert Fitzsimmons and his theatrical company, who are appearing in The Honest Blacksmith, arrived in Portsmouth on the 12:45 train over the Concord branch of the Boston & Maine, today.

There was quite a crowd at the passenger station when the train pulled in and the majority of those present were here to see the man who has been popularly termed as a "human kangaroo." The former champion pugilist was accompanied by Mrs. Fitzsimmons and their son, Robert, Jr., more generally called "Little Bob."

Mr. Fitzsimmons appeared on the platform of the car very soon after the train had come to a stop and as soon as he had reached the solid boards of the

platform.

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.

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### PERSONALS.

Miss Kate Welch is the guest of friends in Boston.

Senator Urch is confined to his house with an attack of the grippe.

Lawyer Guttill was counsel in a divorce case at Exeter on Tuesday.

Mrs. Henry Gregg has been called to Mattapan, Mass., by the illness of her daughter.

Capt. Mayo of the Jerry's Point life saving station went to Boston on Monday morning.

Dr. S. F. Pickering is the guest of Ralph E. Gould at Lisbon Falls, Me., on a hunting trip.

William Page of Bridge street, who has been quite ill for a couple of weeks, is much improved.

Postmaster John H. Bartlett is confined to his home on State street by an attack of the grippe.

The marriage of Miss Sadie B. French and Mr. Israel M. Schurman is to take place on January 23.

Joseph W. Harlow has returned from a trip to Milwaukee, Wis., called there by the death of his mother.

Capt. B. F. Jacobs and Mrs. Jacobs of Melrose, Mass., have been the guests of Miss Mary A. Pendleton of Vaughan street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Clifford Simpson have returned from their wedding tour and are occupying their new home on Foster street, Brookline, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Fisher Eldridge are to leave soon for a trip south. They will be guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Wilder in New York for a few days.

County Solicitor elect John W. Kelley and Lawyers Marvin and Parker were in attendance at the January term of supreme court in Exeter on Tuesday.

Major General Nelson A. Miles, Washington, D. C., has made application for membership in the Peppercorn association of Kittery, Maine. He is descended from one of the daughters of Col. Peppercorn.

The marriage of Mr. Walter Woods and Miss Mary Tucker will take place at half-past five o'clock this afternoon at the guild room of the Middle street Baptist church. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Dr. George W. Gile, the pastor.

### COOKING DEMONSTRATIONS.

Much interest centers this week on the demonstrations of practical cooking by Myrtle Ethelyn Robinson at U. V. Hall, which will close on Friday afternoon. This evening at 7:30. The demonstrations are being attended by the leading people of the city and they find it very profitable and interesting, at no cost whatever.

### SCHOONERS COLLIDE.

The fishing schooner Robert Kilham, while coming into the harbor this forenoon, collided with the coal schooner Mary Manning, at anchor and the forward rigging of the former was considerably damaged as a result. The fishing craft made the harbor and will have to be repaired before the next trip.

### WILL RAISE FROGS.

A frog hatchery is soon to be started on the outskirts of Ward by the Massachusetts Frog company. Boston capitalists have acquired fifteen acres of land belonging to the old King farm, bordering on Hardwick pond, of Daniel S. Kennedy, for the purpose of breeding and raising frogs for colleges and markets.

### POLICE COURT.

In police court this forenoon before Judge Emery, John Feeney, a man, was fined \$3 and costs of \$5.13 for drunkenness on Daniel street, Tuesday afternoon. Feeney was fighting drunk when arrested and put his fist through a saloon window. He will probably go up to the farm in default